

An abstract graphic design on a yellow background. It features several thick, dark blue curved lines that sweep across the page. Interspersed among these lines are numerous small, solid blue dots. Three distinct areas are filled with a fine halftone dot pattern, creating a textured effect. These areas are roughly triangular or fan-shaped, with one in the upper left, one in the middle right, and one in the lower left. The overall composition is dynamic and modern.

# THE MIRROR















# THE MIRROR

VOLUME 91, NO. 1, FOUNDED 1854, WINTER, 1950

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*The Mirror*, edited and published at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, is issued twice a year, in Winter and Spring. Yearly subscription, \$2.00. Advertising rates will be sent on request.



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# THE MIRROR



# THE DEATH OF SIGRID ONEGIN

*By* H. B. STRACK

SIX years ago, it was 1943, the world heard of the death of one of the most famous singers in Europe—Sigrid Onegin. She had come to Lugano, where she had a very pretty estate, in order to get some recreation, because she had worked hard. She was married and her husband and she had a very happy time together during those few holidays. My parents were friends of theirs, and because we occasionally stayed there we called them up and were invited for a Sunday afternoon. We could reach their home only by boat; the estate lay far from the streets and about a mile from the Italian frontier, a spot where this great artist could enjoy peace and quietness.

In the early afternoon we started with the motorboat and drove through the whole Lago di Maggiore to our hosts. The day was bright; already from far away we saw the two standing waiting for us. We three, my father, my mother, and I, were heartily welcomed. They both looked happy and healthy and especially Mrs. Onegin looked young and vigorous. But something about her did not please me. Was it a flickering glance or was it a certain feature of her face, which, as I later remembered, had disturbed me? We went together to their lovely house, which had a wonderful view of the lake.



As it is the custom to talk, we started a conversation about the country, the weather, the view, and mutual friends and acquaintances. I was impatient and suddenly interrupted the conversation with a request: "Please, Aunt Sigrid, tell me which roles you have played in the theatre."

"Oh," she laughed, "all kinds of parts, but I liked the gay and happy ones best, although I have sung more dramatic and serious ones." My mother asked her to sing something; she rose, and with a mighty voice sang a song from Carmen, and because I begged her, she sang also, "I Don't Fear Death and the Devil," an old song dating back to the times when soldiers of all countries were hired to fight for some princes in Italy. We enjoyed this song very much, and the conversation went on. She told us of many funny events in her life as an artist, and the time flew by as we were talking gaily. At last our hosts called us to tea, and we went into the small dining hall. I had at that time a good voice, and so the group forced me to earn my tea by singing some cute songs like "Mother, Sun of our House." Mr. Onegin accompanied me on the piano and I saw that our hostess began to love me as an older person loves a young friend.

The servant brought a huge cake into the room and Mrs. Onegin saw that I had plenty to eat. When I finished my first piece of cake I heard that the conversation was about plans they hoped to realize in the near future. Sigrid Onegin was such a famous singer that she was invited to all the cities in Europe to sing, but she could not accept most of the invitations. She wanted to make a long journey with my parents to Hungary and I asked: "May I come with you, Aunt Sigrid? I could learn so much singing from you." All laughed about that. But suddenly all were quiet and Mrs. Onegin said something like, "I don't feel



so well," and walked out of the room. Her husband told us that this would happen quite often, and that after a short rest she would come back again. In truth, after ten minutes, she reappeared again, and nothing seemed to have happened.

She was even wittier and gayer, and tried to give my parents the feeling that she was all right. The conversation was the same as before, but I felt that something was wrong here. The talking seemed forced and the faces seemed to smile mechanically. I was fascinated by the words of Mrs. Onegin, because she related the story of her start on the stage. I did not eat any more. When she saw that, she stopped for a moment and said, "Eat more, Henry; you must grow big and strong and healthy if you want to sing well." She laughed, but her laughing was hoarse and quickly she went on telling me her interesting experiences.

Suddenly she looked at me wide-eyed, tried to make a motion with her arms and said abruptly: "My rest was not long enough; I feel worse than before." She rose slowly, not so light-footed as other times, and walked to the door. All eyes followed her. At the door she turned around and excused herself. She said, "So long, then; I hope I can be back in half an hour. Have a good time, but at any rate, give our little boy a bigger slice of cake." She looked lovingly at me and tried to take a step, but she failed and could barely support herself on a cupboard. She fainted, and her husband and her servant carried her into her room. I couldn't eat any more now.

We felt shocked by this incident, and after a short while we left with our best wishes for Mrs. Onegin. We felt that Mr. Onegin had to devote himself now to his ill wife, and we made an appointment for next Sunday in Lugano. As we left, I was very sad about that abrupt and



unexpected end of our visit. And because my parents wanted to banish that bad feeling, we decided to go up the Monte Generoso.

During the whole trip, we could not talk with one another, so deep and near was the impression. About half past six we stood on the top of the mountain. The sun was still in the sky and the last rays poured a golden light over Lugano and the dark blue lake. After a while my father was called to the telephone, and when he came back he said very sadly: "I have some bad news for you; Sigrid Onegin is dead." We both could not believe it. We only embraced each other and none of us spoke a word. "Yes, it is true," said my father finally, after the long silence. "The wonderful woman we saw four hours ago in best strength and health is dead." He slowly turned and walked away with heavy steps.

My mother drew me closer and we both looked into the sunset. The colossal red ball sank slowly behind the Alps. Suddenly my mother said, "See, darling, so all suns have to set. It is fate. Now a wonderful sun is gone."

At once I saw all my observations and all the happenings of the day as clear as if they had happened just a second ago. Also my little song I remembered, which I had sung at the Onegin's, "Mother, Sun of our House." As I looked up to my mother, I knew immediately that she was thinking of the same thing, and tears were in her eyes. I did not want to believe what this moment said to me; I only embraced my mother closer and looked with her into the dying day. The world had become so very cruel to me. . .





# HIGH SOCIETY

*By* B. C. GOOD

THE house on 80th Street—filled with the younger group of New York Society; sixteen and seventeen year old girls wearing evening dresses from Saks and Bonwits; imitation mink coats and stoles, imitation diamonds and pearls; young men wearing tuxedos and tails from Brooks and Rogers Peet; imitation pearl and ruby studs; when they are older, everything will transgress from the imitation to the real, and the accent will still be on ostentatious wealth; intermarriage of an incestuous moneyed clan to ascertain that the gold blood still courses through the same shallow veins.

New Year's Eve; the turn of the Century; the year when many of this generation will dumbly search anew among the pages of textbooks; from St. Paul's and Groton and Farmington and Westover to Yale and Harvard and Vassar and Sarah Lawrence; the last of the vacation's big social gatherings; the society dances all through; the ball rooms of the Plaza and the Pierre and the Ritz closed until another vacation; the last fling of the old year and the now-old vacation; the last chance to cling to the girls you danced with at the lurid parties and who seduced you in varied and promiscuous ways; girls you never knew before and girls you don't give a damn about; necking on a dance floor; dancing feet shuffling in vulgar and plebian embraces.

Lights low; music slow and pulsing; champagne at the



makeshift bar; cheap California champagne enjoyed by giddy heads and moistened lips; bubbles rising lightly and loosely without a care; the occasional bleary-eyed young man with a pint of stronger liquor in his pocket; the boy who had a quart of seven dollar bourbon in the back of the men's toilet; the smoke-filled room; champagne, the rich boy's ginger ale; once in a while a Steuben glass brought out of the kitchen by a mystified servant; the profusion of sounds—laughter and stumbling words which vainly attempt to tell you nothing; words of no consequence and not a serious thought; destructively critical conversation.

“Auld Lang Syne”, finally; “People Will Say We’re In Love”; and then, “Just One of Those Things”—New York’s own song; lips meeting; wild-eyed stags crowding onto the dance floor and crowding it closer and crowding young bodies, young lips, harder together; stags trying to find some face they vaguely recollect, knowing that she will kiss him without opening her eyes to see who it is; grotesque boy’s faces, streaked with the perspiration of desire; the eager tap on the shoulder; the boy who cuts in seizing the girl, and you turning away into the crowd to find another; not looking back, not even wondering if the warm long-drawn kiss meant anything; grovelling for another mouth; the dancing feet hardly shuffling anymore; the mouths of the girls unadorned; the one couple on the floor who know what love is and the remarkable girl who won’t let anyone cut in on her.



# A POEM

By M. J. PIEL

*Didja know love is a wonderful thing?*

A flower, a face, a dog that never barks, beads on a string  
Lots more too

*Love is a wonderful thing*

That wasn't before

But suddenly is

Come 7: She stinks. I strike her out everytime.

(And I pitch it to her easy)

Come 11: Whatcha doin',

Makin' backs of angels' wings?

Angels aren't red.

True

But roses are. And violets are blue and—

*Is a wonderful thing*

That fourteen day Palmolive, Night In Paris, and lipstick  
that stays on and on (But who's going to test it?)

Will bring—

Two hands in a pop corn bag

(Hey sit somewhere else you. You're obstructing my view.)

Later

when love is past

A bench, the ground, a couch

(Or better yet a car)

There is a choice



For Worse:

A pair of gams	one of fifty
A pearly smile	one of fifty
A bulging torso	one of fifty
A heart	like her speech
tough	

All for a fur coat

For those of l

o	i
w	n
e	c
r	o
	m
	e
	s

Something under a lamppost

*A wonderful thing*

For better:

A veil, a ring  
Smooth white sheets  
A place to clean  
Some kids to scream (with joy?)  
And later

One warm embrace before the radiators awake

A glass of sherry

A book

Things



# ROUTINE

*By* G. POND

THE October sun was extraordinarily hot, bringing with it a city-full of clammy air; the combination of unexpected heat and humidity had sent most New Yorkers scurrying to their various cool nooks and hideaways. As I neared the precinct house, I slung my suit coat across a sweating shoulder and altered my course to visit the “Shamrock”, a damn fine little bar, where a guy can drink undisturbed.

Lord knows, I really needed a drink, in fact more than I ever had. I ordered and, flinging a quick glance at the televised ball game, dropped myself into a dark corner booth. The place was empty, surprising for such weather. The low murmur of the air-conditioning was relaxing as I smoked and sipped the rye. The little bar eased my tension and, my head resting on the wall, I closed my eyes. The air was cool, but not quite so much as the previous night. The wind had disappeared. My mind wandered and I saw the corner of 20th, near Gramercy Park.

I'd just bought a paper and was walking up past the park, noticing the exhilaration the midnight breeze brought as it parted around my face. I was listening to the devilish scratching of the leaves on the pavement and savoring the warm glow of each friendly street light. It was a beautiful, restless autumn night, and, sentimental old fool that



I am, I wanted to squeeze every bit of pleasure from it. I kicked jauntily at an empty paper bag and then was startled to look up and see a girl perched delicately on a bench. She was young and hauntingly pretty, although her face was haggard with dark patches beneath her wistful watery eyes. I don't know why, but I stopped abruptly in my carefree ramble and stared at her. She returned my scrutiny and smiled awkwardly, yet nicely.

"Hello," she offered timidly, "see you're enjoying the evening, too." She moved over on the bench giving me room to share it.

"Why, yes. How'd you know?"

"Oh, I could tell how you looked around and by your walk. You walk happily." Her voice held a certain pertness, but the tone was stilted and her eyes looked far away, farther than I knew. She was sweet. I liked her and instantly felt that she needed some bolstering, yet I didn't know what to do. I decided to talk for a moment and then go my way.

"It's too fine an evening for anyone to be sad," I said, in a voice which was a foolish mixture of embarrassed Van Johnson's and that of the Delphic Oracle. I felt like asking her what she had on her mind and a million other "Mr. Anthony" questions, but, instead, we smoked and talked of the weather and how it seemed like a Hallowe'en night. Hell, what was I doing with a young kid like her and me an old cop of fifty! I said goodnight and told her she ought to be home in bed this time of night. She gave me a queer, kind of pathetic shrug and I walked away. Looking back, I saw a guy stop, point to a bar across the way and walk over to it with the girl in tow.



“Pick-up,” I thought, shaking my head; “Guess I called her wrong.” Somehow, the night had lost its flavor so I headed home.

The 'phone jangled mercilessly at six A. M. I stumbled to it and, answering, received orders to investigate a complaint from the owner of a rooming house at 3rd and 10th. I argued that it sounded like a job for the beat patrolman, but I had my instructions giving me no choice but to comply.

The streets were already lively with the multitudinous merchants, buyers and bums eager to handle the Saturday crowds as I stood on the corner surveying the building. It was a shoddy red brick affair of “gay nineties” vintage, the kind of house in which taxi dancers, street walkers, minor mugs and other equally contemptible and sometimes pitiable characters could be found. I may be a “tough” cop, but that kind of housing always put me on edge and not because of its appearance. I ground out my cigarette and went in to the landlord's door. A fidgety and hardened old girl of about sixty answered my knock. When she found out who I was she flew into a fit of passionate cursing bemoaning the fact that her fool tenant in 2B was way back in the rent. When she went up to raise hell about a loud noise around 4:00 A. M. she'd found the door locked and got no answer to her knock. She'd unlocked the door, but it wouldn't open.

“Probably passed out, drunk,” she grumbled in her irritatingly nasal voice.

We'd gone up the stairs to the apartment and I tried the key. No luck. I forced my weight against the door and it gave slowly, pushing a heavy object as it opened. In a second, I was standing inside a dark cubicle surrounded by the faint smell of cheap perfume and a fainter odor



of liquor. There were two windows, both with drawn shades. One shade was cut off a foot from the sill, permitting the sun's rays to angle in to the floor, where they formed a rectangular patch of brightness in which lay a piece of paper. The window was partially open and merry gusts of wind squeezed under it, skipped along the floor, and thrust the paper into my outstretched hand. I had no inclination to examine my catch for my gaze was fixed numbly upon a pair of feet turning slowly in the morning breeze. For several moments, I remained transfixed. I'd seen death many times in my life, but somehow this, I knew, would be different. Was I growing soft? I thought not, but the squalid surroundings, the coldness of that humble room—what a hell of a place to die—or live for that matter. I snapped to. There was a job to be done. I hadn't been fully aware of the fact, the landlady had run down the hallway screaming hysterically about a murder. The musical cries of the Italian pushcart vendors, the honking of anxious traffic all came through the window and I angrily banged the thing closed. I snapped on the one light and told someone in the quickly gathering crowd at the doorway to phone Homicide and also to find a traffic patrolman. Then I closed the door. In the dirty, yellow light, I saw that the dead person was a girl, hanging by a strip of clothesline from an overhead pipe. Gingerly, I turned the body as one would a crystal chandelier, and suddenly staggered back shocked. Suspended before me was the girl I'd seen on the bench, I couldn't think for minutes on end. That guy—? No, she looked altogether too peaceful. There seemed to be no marks of violence. She was so hauntingly pretty even in death, although her features were even more shallow than before and her skin was nearly black. Her smoky hair fell down around her cheeks and over her twisted neck. I liked that girl, yet I hated her for doing this to me.



She'd pierced my detective's hide and made me a little sick, sick that I had to witness her heartbreaking little drama. I straightened. What the devil was I doing moping? I looked at the piece of paper which was still in my hand. It instructed the police to tell her family she died a natural death. Natural? Sure, it was—for her. The room was bare except for a few scraps of paper on her dressing table, such as it was, for in reality it was nothing but a card table with a little pink cloth trimmed to the edges, her feeble attempt to obtain atmosphere. I picked up a letter and scanned it rapidly. The writer told of how the project was nearly over, that he'd be returning after the completion of the last span. I had no idea what he was talking about. He complained of the "staggering jungle heat" and the insects. He told her, and her name seemed to be Pat, that they'd marry upon his arrival and settle with his family in Danbury until they could find a place of their own. He seemed to love her very much. The return address was to one Everett Osgood, c/o Foreign Industrial Contractors, somewhere in Venezuela. I next picked up a scrap of newspaper telling that a special plane bearing one Everett Osgood of New York, who had been suddenly stricken with polio in Venezuela, had arrived at La Guadia a minute too late to place Osgood in the waiting iron lung. He had died as the ship touched the ground. I lit a cigarette. So that was it? On the floor lay a man's cigarette lighter and picking it up I saw the initials C. B. C. engraved on its sterling finish. The guy who picked her up? Who knows. There had been others. Homicide arrived and I turned the case over to them and left.

I went across the street to the station house. As I passed the desk, Verney grinned and said, "Routine stuff?"

"Yeah," I winced, "routine!"



# THE CRUMBY IRISHMAN

OR

O'SULLIVAN—AMERICA'S GREATEST HEEL

*By* R. W. BOETH

WE are in favor of the shoe! We consider it a boon to mankind and all that sort of tommyrot. It keeps our feet hot in summer and freezing in winter, but we're willing to overlook this inconsequential trifle in the light of much more pertinent and important characteristics of this, the most stepped on, downtrodden unit of American society. We look at a shoe and our hearts are filled with tenderness and pity, for the shoe has virtually human attributes which we do not respect or love. The common species of footwear has a tongue, sometimes a forked tongue, and yet you will find very few cases in the courts of a man or woman trying to obtain a divorce from an Oxford because he or she was in constant argument with the thing. In fact, I will go so far as to say that I have never heard of an argument between a shoe and its master. A shoe is a silent, faithful partner, you must realize.

Heavens to Betsy, but we ought to pity the Oxford, beset as it is by constant neuroses which frequently split it internally. But the courageous shoe battles back, and the neurosis is invariably patched up, and the beast goes on wrestling within itself the strife which plagues it. When a man's back is broken, he takes months to recuperate, but the sympathetic world would never think of calling



him a loafer. But in shoedom, one species is labeled loafer before it ever has a chance to prove itself, cruel world that it is, and yet in spite of the fact that its back is destined to be broken within forty-eight hours, it nevertheless steps fearlessly into the future, ignoring its wrecked anatomy. In conclusion, we may safely say, "Achilles never had a heel like one of these."

\* \* \*

We hate the shoe! Off hand, I can think of no particular reason for this, but an assignment is just that, and who are we to argue? (These words are filling up the time interval between the last sentence and this, while we try to conjure up some legitimate gripes about the driest pumps in history). We can't stand having our noble feet encased in what once wrapped a mangy cow; we like our "pieds" to be free to absorb the delicate scents of the world outside instead of brewing its own noxious stink in a leather tomb. We like to go wading barefoot and we like the tingling sensation of city pavement against our blistered feet. Ah, so soothing! We like to dangle our lily-whites into black mud and watch the oozing silt ooze through our athletic toes. (In fact, we're in favor of ooze in general, even without a "b" in front of it).

Think of what people have done without footwear. Joe Jackson achieved fame as "Shoeless," and neither Aly Khan nor Johnny Weismuller ever did anything worthwhile while toting the blasted things. A shoe is a menace to society, shoe 'nuf.





# SEVENTH AVENUE

*By* W. B. WATSON

7-A-V-E-N-U-E, 32<sup>ND</sup> STREET was smaller. Time was to hours, purpose to heaven or hell. I wandered alone against thirty thousand phalanxed faces. I was alone and weak. Everything could hurt and everything did. I was a mirror which reflected their images. I could see through their reflections—the turmoil muddily swirling, gorged with the secrets of gutted fields and eroded levees, long forgotten in the fresh surge. But they could not see mine—the mirror reflected. They might never see—glances don't crack mirrors, seven years are too long.

Red to green, green to red, back again. I started across the smaller, a brown suit followed a half step to my left. I could tell he wasn't a native. He was too careless, unconcerned to be one of those poor savages who spends his life not in enjoying his own but in worrying about it. He smiled part embarrassed, part friendly. We were strangers in a strange land. Both had understood what the other was thinking, but neither had said anything. It was all too big and we wouldn't be heard—"Candy for sale!", "They walk by themselves!", "Shine?"

Stains and polishes were in a line along the walls. Some did good jobs; others, their mouths did better. I would have chosen the mouths—I was alone and needed the stuff they had to offer. I kept the pace—the forty-nine cents was security for another six hundred miles. Stuff like that was cheaper than



a dime here, and besides it's people who can't go and get it that have to pay. Yet I and those like me are the ones who put these stains in the poor houses or on the street curbs. I wondered how much they made, how long they worked, why they did it? On the end of the row was a young one. I wondered if he would end there or was he Abe Lincoln? Probably not—just George Washington.

The stains faded to whites behind tables, leaning against walls, standing in alleys; all hawking their goods for some outside man. Someone who was too big to waste time peddling his wares on the sweating streets, yet not too big to devise a system of stooges to gyp the suckers with two-bit goods. "Only a buck fifty" one chanted methodically. "They do everything but talk" echoed from the canyon of a dark alley. I pressed softly into the damp crowd, wondering what phenomenon of nature could walk by itself and still hold such an attraction for wearied New Yorkers looking for a little excitement; as if the entire world around them wasn't enough to make a man's heart tingle. But they were used to it and I wasn't.

The crude shouting faded, the lights brightened. SAVOY DANCING. Benny Goodman had something to say about that—*Bailando en el Savoy*. 1-2-3-4-bah, 1-2-3-4-bah. ALL BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, and only for one soiled dollar. A guy like Goodman would expect to get in free, that wasn't their business. Forty-nine cents wasn't their business either. I was still healthy and innocent. The band died down the street, 1-2-3-4-bah. It didn't sound like Goodman.

More lights, blue, white, red, lots of red. Two ambled in front, friends. It was hot, their hands stuck together. For them it was Spring—the heat didn't fool anyone else. The girl was eloquent. She had to have some appeal, the beauty must have been on her father's side. Her partner was the statue of Apollo; she wanted it. I pitied the two—the marble would



crumble, and the tongue would tire. Four quick steps—I have only two eyes, they're in front.

The nickelodeons were in front too. Nickelodeons? For a dollar perhaps. But times and dollars always change hands and lives. Today's was *The Champion*. On the outside the signs pounded true love and passion. Inside was dark. Others filled the streets with their rainbowed confetti. I squinted, and the colors of races danced before me. I was a child with a new toy. A hand seized it.

A seeking hand, a familiar face. He wanted to keep what he had found—the crowd didn't stop. Why try, there were thirty thousand of them anyway. What could anyone do against a city of cement and steel? The brown suited, the friend, myself, we all were trying to find a soft spot in all that hardness, but each alone. One of us might find it, but he would have to go on before the crowd crushed him and his gold.

People were looking at a tall building. P-R-E-S-I-D-E-N-T T-R-U-M-A-N went around the proper track. So did other lights. Give man a chance and he'll outwit himself. So this is the famous Times Square. Two million cheering citizens must add glory to it. But what's glory? An hour of cheering, three of drunkenness, followed by four of cleaning? I looked back at the tall building again. R-U-S-S-I-A was sliding horizontally across the dark cement. They're always sliding somewhere.

I turned back. Everything looked slightly different the second time. The familiarity was beginning to spread its haze over the exciting. The new experience was gone. Maybe that's why these New Yorkers don't see anything fascinating in the spectacle of man. I stopped at the corner and looked down among the buildings. The sun was setting behind the distant row of buildings, and in front, smoke was rising to choke out the only warmth that was left in a city of cement and steel. This was my gold.



# GARTERS FOR MADAMOISELLE BETTUN

*A Legend of World War II*

By R. F. THOMPSON, JR.

## I

Véronique was  
Quite a gal.  
But the Yanks, they  
Called her Sal.  
God! How she did  
Boost morale.  
Drop 'morale's' 'e', add an 's',  
Of this new word,  
Had she less?  
Yes! Oh, *much*, much less. In fact,  
Soft and sweet  
Was her caress.

## II

Victory in France  
Was won  
Not 'cause yellow were the Hun.  
Not by 'Ike', Monsieur Pattón,  
But, instead: our Sal Bettun.  
High pitched sex was hers that could  
Shatter glass eyes at fifty paces  
Distant (if, by chance, she should



Tire of 'blasting' German faces.)  
Nothing stood against her sex.  
Hitler called it Third Reich's hex:  
When her beauty hit them right  
Those poor Germans *couldn't* fight.

### III

When that cruel War  
Came to end,  
One Yank felt obliged  
To Send  
Garters  
To His  
Dear old Sal;  
Hoping that that  
Gorgeous gal  
Would remember him; and those  
Lucky men, of whom she chose  
As her boyfriends, who'd be fond  
Of her always, even though  
They had long since gone beyond.





# ADUMBRATIONS

## A Headmaster

By F. H. BURRELL

THE word 'headmaster' traditionally recalls a jowled and forbidding old man, who having lain down his pointer and retired from the rostrum, pauses temporarily in his decline to final retirement to sign a few papers that pass across his mahogany desk and occasionally wag or nod his head as successive generations of scholars plod by in timeless progress.



According to this image, John Mason Kemper, the eleventh and present Headmaster of Phillips Academy Andover is an imposter. As a matter of fact, during his first few months at Andover, he was frequently mistaken for a post-graduate or ex-GI finishing up his pre-war Andover education. Many have made the mistake of the *Look Magazine* photographer who covered Kemper's Inauguration in the Fall of 1948.

As Kemper (then a Lt. Colonel) got up to speak, the photographer turned to a nearby master and asked, "Is that the President of the Student Council?"

"No," whispered back the faculty member, "he's the new headmaster."



“Holy Moses,” exclaimed the photographer and took a picture of him.

The physiognomy which causes this confusion belongs to a 37-year-old ex-soldier, and graduate of West Point who in his lifetime has served in the U. S. Army, taught school and directed the writing of the none-too-brief history of the Second World War.

Kemper is not the first member of his family to have had military experience. His father, James B. Kemper, was a Colonel in the first World War, commanding the 73rd Infantry Regiment at Fort Devens, Mass., but failed to see action, although his unit was packed and ready to go overseas when the Armistice was signed. His mother, Mercer Mason, was an Abbot Academy girl and came from eight generations of military men. One of his grandparents fought and died in the last Sioux uprising in South Dakota in 1890; a grandmother was disowned by her Southern family when she married a Union officer after the Civil War.

One of the early Kempers, a minister, was a founder of Cincinnati. He was escorted to the Miami River in Ohio by two soldiers, where he built the first house in that area. The log cabin was removed, for historical purposes, to the Cincinnati Zoo, where it now stands.

In keeping with this military tradition, John Kemper was born in 1912 at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, a typical old-time fort, where his father, a Captain in the 11th Infantry Regiment, was stationed. The Kemper family spent only six months there and from that time on moved at the whims of Army brass, as far as the Philippines in a moment of inspiration.

Kemper recalls that as a student he was an up-and-downer in all of his subjects, although he did distinguish himself by



graduating from the eighth grade at the head of a class of twelve.

He was brought up pretty much with the idea of becoming a soldier, although his parents left it up to him. A cousin offered to spend \$10,000 to see him through Princeton and Harvard Business School, but he wanted to go to West Point and did.

This 'laissez-faire' attitude was typical of his parents' policy toward raising their three children, John and two girls. One eight years older, the other three years younger. His father backed him up in everything constructive in which he had an interest and as he recalls, he tried almost everything once. His father, a soldier through and through, had one criterion: that his son's conduct always be becoming to an officer and a gentleman, and as far as that rule was adhered to, he tolerated ordinary hell-raising.

His father was straightforward and direct, having few but very consistent guiding principles. His mother and father always worked together, the one backing up the other at all times and both being occasionally backed up by the Army-Navy Journal on the seat of young Kemper's pants.

His mother was as sound an "Army man" as his father and as insistant that the children be spoken to only once. She was a shrewd person, adept at sizing people up and had the greater sense of humor of the two. He was an ardent shopper, buying quantities of household goods at a time, wholesale. He had had experience with Army Post Exchanges and very seldom got stuck. They were both great joiners and always went in for Rotary Clubs or the D.A.R., particularly when he was on duty with the civilian components of the Army. They followed this policy partly because they felt that their job was to establish themselves as members of their community and represent the Army.



Kemper's primary job was to get through school and he was put on an allowance on that basis. As long as his marks held up, his stipend was regular. His father was opposed to his working for others, but paid the going rate for his own sidewalks and lawns. Kemper could have the family snow-shoveling or lawn-mowing contract as long as he guaranteed to handle it for the whole season. From his allowance and these jobs, he saved \$100 which he spent toward a Ford (he had first learned to drive a seven-passenger 1927 Studebaker touring car) when he graduated from West Point.

Kemper completed his Freshman year of high school in Manchester, New Hampshire, where his father was the senior Army officer on duty with the Organized Reserves of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. After a year there, his father was ordered to Manila and took the family with him. The trip on the Army transport was uneventful. Kemper remembers that there were a lot of Congressmen aboard and his father was disgusted at being ranked by them into nineteenth choice of stateroom, despite the fact that he was the senior Army officer on board ship. In Manila, his schooling was undistinguished. Although the life there was limited to the Army base, there was always considerable opportunity for tennis, swimming and parties (always from 5:30 to 10:00 o'clock).

In Manila, John came into possession of a tropical bird called 'Virgil,' so named because his original owner, a student of the classics, felt that he had about as much trouble with the bird as he did with Latin. Virgil, who had a very tolerant and good-natured disposition, served as a football for games of catch. With Virgil's wings folded, the passer would hold him like he would a football, bring his arm back and then heave Virgil toward the receiver. After being lofted into the air, Virgil would spread his wings and soar to the other person who would catch him and repeat the process.



Virgil's chief delight was in harassing the motorcycle messengers headed toward the C.O.'s quarters on top of a hill in the base. He would perch in the trees lining the road and as the motorcycles picked up speed to climb the rise, Virgil would swoop down, skim the driver's heads and take another post on the other side of the road.

Virgil, who had little respect for rank, carried this procedure a step further one day by sitting down in the middle of the road in front of the C.O.'s oncoming limousine. The car skidded to a stop just in front of Virgil and the colored chauffeur got out to shoo him away. But Virgil would not be shooed and after threats, cajolery and promises failed to move him, the chauffeur withdrew to fetch young Kemper. The C.O. was obliged to wait a full twenty minutes until Kemper arrived and prevailed upon the bird to stick to the treetops.

Virgil has been lost track of since then, but it would not be unreasonable to suppose that, in his own little way, he aided the Philippine underground during the war, terrorizing motorcycle-borne Japanese.

After two years of Manila and Virgil, Kemper returned to the United States and finished high school in Washington, D. C. He entered West Point in 1931 and played on the Plebe soccer, swimming and track teams, though he won no numerals. He wound up manager of Lacrosse in his senior year. He was an undistinguished student there but was regimental adjutant and president of his class of 1935. After graduation, he spent three years as a Second Lieutenant in the 11th Infantry, the same regiment he was born into in Wyoming. He then spent a year at the Infantry School, followed by three years of teaching history at West Point, and after that a year in the Intelligence Department. When the War Department created its historical branch to keep



track of the second World War, Kemper, then a Colonel, was appointed chief of the branch which coordinated the efforts of 50-odd Army historians in their collection of records and personal interviews. Since then, the branch has been working to turn out a ninety-nine volume history of the War, six volumes of which have been published.

It was in this capacity that Dr. Finney Baxter, President of Williams College and a trustee of Phillips Academy, who was an advisor to the Historical Branch, observed that Kemper, despite his extreme youth was able to handle in a very diplomatic manner a large number of people. This ability and the truly sincere and honest qualities of his personality which give him a truly inspirational character led to his appointment as Headmaster of Andover in 1948 to succeed Claude Fuess.

Kemper took over his present job after the Army was demobilized and he had been demoted to a peacetime rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Since he has become a civilian, he has made every effort to lose his identity as a soldier. Both he and General Eisenhower were given degrees as Doctors of Human Letters last June at Williams College and his attitude is summed up in Eisenhower's parting words, "Good-bye, John. We educators must stick together."

In some cases he has found the Army tradition too strong to overthrow completely. After giving up his uniform with its all-purpose khaki tie and shirt, he found that the daily decisions in the choice of civilian neckwear were too much for him and in desperation, he purchased three knit wool ties: one red, another green and the third blue with matching socks. In keeping with Andover spirit, he wears the latter combination to Wednesday and Saturday athletic contests. Other than these three ties, he wears Christmas present neckwear on state occasions and when told to by his wife.



He also brought with him from the Army a love of coffee (which he drinks with cream and a lump and a half of sugar) and a loathing of hats (which he has successfully avoided wearing with the exception of last year's Army-Navy Game when his wife made him buy a green-grey fedora and a pair of rubbers).

At Andover he takes every opportunity to get out and see student activities although his job keeps him badly desk-ridden. Besides twelve thousand alumni and seven hundred and fifty undergraduates, as well as their parents, he has to deal with two hundred and nine school employees, that number not including the faculty and administration. The two main problems which confront him at present are the abolition of societies which has plagued school authorities for a decade and the balancing of the school budget.

Many of his minor problems are solved at "coffee time" each morning after Chapel. Holiday Brand Instant Coffee (because it dissolves very readily) is served to neighboring administrative officers, visiting parents or anyone who comes in with a problem to get off his chest. Coffee hour breaks up around quarter of eleven either into a conference of the daily routine of appointments and answering letters.

During what spare time he has, Kemper fools around in his shop in the basement of Phelps House. His father, who was also a woodworker after a sort, sold his power tools during the war and bought War Bonds with the proceeds. When his father died, Kemper inherited the Bonds but saved them until he came to Andover when he bought a buzz saw and drill press with part of them and spent the rest on a 13-foot second-hand knockabout which he learned to sail during the summer in Maine. He was inspired to purchase his sailboat, "a brutal beast of a boat" which is "only a little leaky", after Mr. Saltonstall of Exeter took



him on a cruise on his 34-foot yawl on Buzzard's Bay. In the wood-working line, Kemper is probably more interested in the good tool than making something with it. His big accomplishment is a doll house he made for his daughters.

Kemper declares that he wouldn't exchange the tribulations and sense of satisfaction that he experiences every day for any man's job. Every now and then, however, before the Chapel bell begins to toll and the night turns into another hard day, he finds himself in the middle of a recurring dream in which he is the Headmaster of a school having no trustees, parents, faculty, alumni or boys: where the endowment produces only sufficient income for the Headmaster's salary and the budget is thereby balanced.

As yet, his dreams have not gotten to the point where he is wagging and nodding behind a mahogany desk.



# HELL FAILS

*By* P. L. B. SOURIAN

The gates of Hell open  
A kitten walks in.

Along the dark paths  
It moves serenely.

A devil spies it  
And asks it loudly,

Have you a reservation?  
The kitten purrs.  
Have you a RESERVATION?  
The kitten purrs.  
HAVE YOU A RES . . .  
The kitten purrrrs.

No vise to squeeze it with  
No cold to freeze it with  
No dogs to tease it with  
No poison mice to please it with

Hell fails  
Hell fails again.



# VIAJE A CAMPECHE

*Por* S. H. MACCALLUM

Desde Tenosique, Chiapas, hasta la ciudad de Campeche, en la península de Yucatán, hay un ferrocarril. Nunca existe el peligro de una colisión en este ferrocarril porque en todas las doscientas millas de rieles hay solamente una máquina, la cual corre de un extremo al otro dos veces cada semana.

Mi hermano, mi primo, y yo nos levantamos muy temprano en la mañana en que iba el tren a Campeche. Todavía estaba obscuro, y hacía mucho frío. Nos despedimos de un amigo que dormía en su hamaca, y luego que el hotelero había abierto el portón, que se cerraba por las noches con pasador y dos candados enormes, salimos a la calle principal de Tenosique. Ésta era una pastura ancha, marcada a los costados por unas casas de adobe encalado. En el centro corría un sendero lodoso. Tomamos el desayuno de huevos revueltos, bizcochos, y chocolate batido, en un restaurante pequeño cerca de la plaza, y luego fuimos al tren al otro extremo de la calle principal. Todavía brillaba la Cruz del Sur en el cielo que ya iba aclarando.

Allí quedaba el tren con su máquina imponente. La chimenea enorme y bulbosa vomitaba cantidades de humo y, a veces, chispas, que caían entre la muchedumbre de familias, baúles y canastas, gallinas amarradas con cordón, niñitos desnudos, y hasta un cochino, o venido a ver el tren o escapado de una de las canastas, que corría por todas partes.

Compramos boletos de primera clase y subimos al coche.



Después de un rato todas las señoras gordas con sus canastas y sus gallinas amarradas, los niños, y los hombres habían subido también al tren. Con un silbido agudo de la máquina, empezamos espasmódicamente el viaje a Campeche.

Había tres clases en este tren. Nosotros viajábamos en la primera, un coche que parecía abandonado por los Estados Unidos hace más de sesenta años. Teníamos también escupideros, uno al lado de cada asiento, que con los golpes del carro vertían sus contenidos al pasillo. La segunda clase constaba de unos carros cubiertos con bancos paralelos, y la tercera, de carros de plataforma sin nada más. Todos los viajeros estaban contentos. Unos en los carros de plataforma cantaban a la música de una guitarra. Y mientras otros contaban chistes y comían plátanos o enchiladas, los niños saltaban de un carro a otro.

El tren caminaba lentamente por una vía estrecha cortada en la selva virgen. De vez en cuando parábamos a cargar chicle, o a comprar leña para la máquina. Siempre cuando llegábamos a un pueblo teníamos como una fiesta. Todo el mundo salía de las casas y del mercado a ver el tren. Los perros flacos corrían por los carros buscando basura, y los vendedores subían para vender sus peines y zapatos, sus Coca-Colas “al tiempo”, y sus medicinas que verdaderamente curaban todos los males desde el reumatismo hasta la caspa. Nos ofrecían estas medicinas a la mitad del precio normal solamente como favor especial. Y si queríamos comprar dos botellas, ellos nos harían un precio todavía mejor. Las señoras de los pueblos traían sus canastas de plátanos y naranjas, o de enchiladas, tamales, y tacos de bistec, y los vendían por las ventanillas del tren. Nosotros los pasajeros nos echábamos medio afuera, llamando de una vendedora a otra, gritando a nuestros compañeros de adentro, y buscando monedas. ¡Ay! y esos tamales! qué sabrosos eran! Los servían calientitos.



Se preparaban de masa de maíz, remojado en agua con cal antes de ser molido, mezclado con chile y carne de pavo cortado en tiras, y cocido y servido enrollado en hoja de plátano.

Vimos loritos y tucanes en la maraña y, de vez en cuando, un chiclero con su machete, andando por la vía del ferrocarril.

Había hecho bastante calor durante el día, pero ya era noche cuando nos acercamos a Campeche y hacía fresco. Llegamos a la estación de Campeche como a las diez de la noche, y fuimos directamente a una casa de huéspedes. Después de la cena nos acostamos en una pieza antigua que contenía tapicerías francesas, y cuyas ventanas llegaban hasta el cielo raso. Soñamos con el tren, esperando en la estación desierta, y en la vieja y amurallada ciudad que íbamos a conocer al día siguiente.





# CLASSROOM NOT IN USE

*By* E. C. CUMMING

Here there is a smell of settled chalk dust  
                    floor wax  
            stacked books  
And stacked hours  
    (periods of fifty—three minutes between bells)  
An almost audible residue of echoed-out noises:  
    Shuffle of feet as students drift in  
            sheeplike  
    creak of chairs                      heard murmur  
    Clack of the professor's shoes  
        Ahem!  
His brusque voice lecturing  
Undertone  
    Pencils scratching paper  
    Shifting of bodies in seats  
    A lazy bee—buzz  
Finally the sharp bell—buzz  
Again creaking chairs  
Voices retreating down the hollow hall.  
Now yesterday's assignment is half-erased  
A yellow windowshade map is half rolled up  
Pale light swims through the windows  
Over chairs in frozen disarray.



# UNDER ETHER

*By* E. W. KEYES

I wish that once, before my tea-time comes,  
When the cold fog is skating on the shutters,  
And oozing at the panes, that I could go  
Out of my varnished doors, and up the road,  
And try the shadowed lanes of yesterday  
That always seem to shun me when I come their way.  
Convention is a deadly thing! We leave so much  
Because so few condemn it: the note unsent,  
The smile unanswered, letters burnt, the kiss  
That froze before it melted; we have piled  
A monstrous backlog of omissions: the frown  
of fingerbowls and butlers always cuts us down.

. . . I know I once  
Traveled in Europe, first-class, with my tutor,  
Oxford with a monocle! I thought him then emasculated,  
I know it now. We “did” Venice in April,  
When verdant barges blushed on the canals,  
And all the nights were golden. I remember, we stayed  
Night after night in the tourist hotel  
That used to be a palace of Lorenzo. He liked to sit,  
Contemplating a perfumed cigarette, and say,  
“It’s best we don’t go out-of-doors in Venice  
After the evening falls; the pickpockets! and the  
prostitutes!



Nothing's more sordid than a Venice whore!"  
He'd sit, and smirk, and make eyebrows at himself  
In the polished mirrors. And I,  
Looking away from him, and out the window,  
Into the scented stillness of the streets,  
Could see a pair of willow legs, a warming smile,  
Twin coals that glowed in the dark: such eyes!  
Eyes where the beauty of the East and West  
Commingle to perfection . . . We crossed the Channel  
In the mad days of May; he said, rather green,  
"We did Europe well, *n'est-ce pas?*"  
I said, "Oh yes, Stoddard and I  
Couldn't have done half so well." The effeminate fool  
Was very proud.

My house is furnished in the finest fashion—  
Not modern, but in the best tradition;  
Books, nodding together gently over the teacups,  
Speak syrupy of Longfellow, James, Hawthorne,  
Thackeray, Shakespeare, Jane Austen, and the patriarchs.  
I keep my Marx and Proust in the room upstairs  
(There is so little in the room upstairs).  
The mole-eyed multitudes that come to call  
(Dropping platitudes in a silver salver in the hall)  
How can I tell them that they are, in fact,  
The stolidest elements of the bourgeoisie?  
Bound by a silver cord to a withered tree  
That sends its roots back to antiquity.  
I am not brave enough to scan their scorn,  
The raised eyebrow over the demi-tasse,  
The hush of the brittle gowns as I enter the room,  
And yet I scarce can stomach my own scorn—  
When the soft night creeps by, and the dinner is over,  
And the puffing penquins have waddled sedately away,



I feel that I should like to be like Sampson,  
The virile Milton, but I am instead  
The poorest form of Judas. Traitor, indeed,  
traitor to myself.

. . . I know I once  
Whispered in church as a small child,  
Clinging fiercely to the richness that was mother.  
Watching the melancholy light, playing fantastically  
Over the egret plumes that nodded smilingly to one another,  
Over the black, high-polished shoes, the little sailor suits  
(All of the best cut, just like mine).  
The service was conducted in the dearest Latin,  
which was well suited to the congregation.  
There was, by the rich altar,  
A golden box, encrusted with old gems,  
Very fine indeed—the focal point of all attention.  
It was said to hold the polished bones of one of the saints.  
Fascinated, it held me, 'til one night  
When the priest was out for supper, I went inside,  
Trembling, up the aisle, opened the box—  
nothing! Guilt and gold and ornaments, but nothing  
inside. I knelt beside the Virgin, and cried and cried.

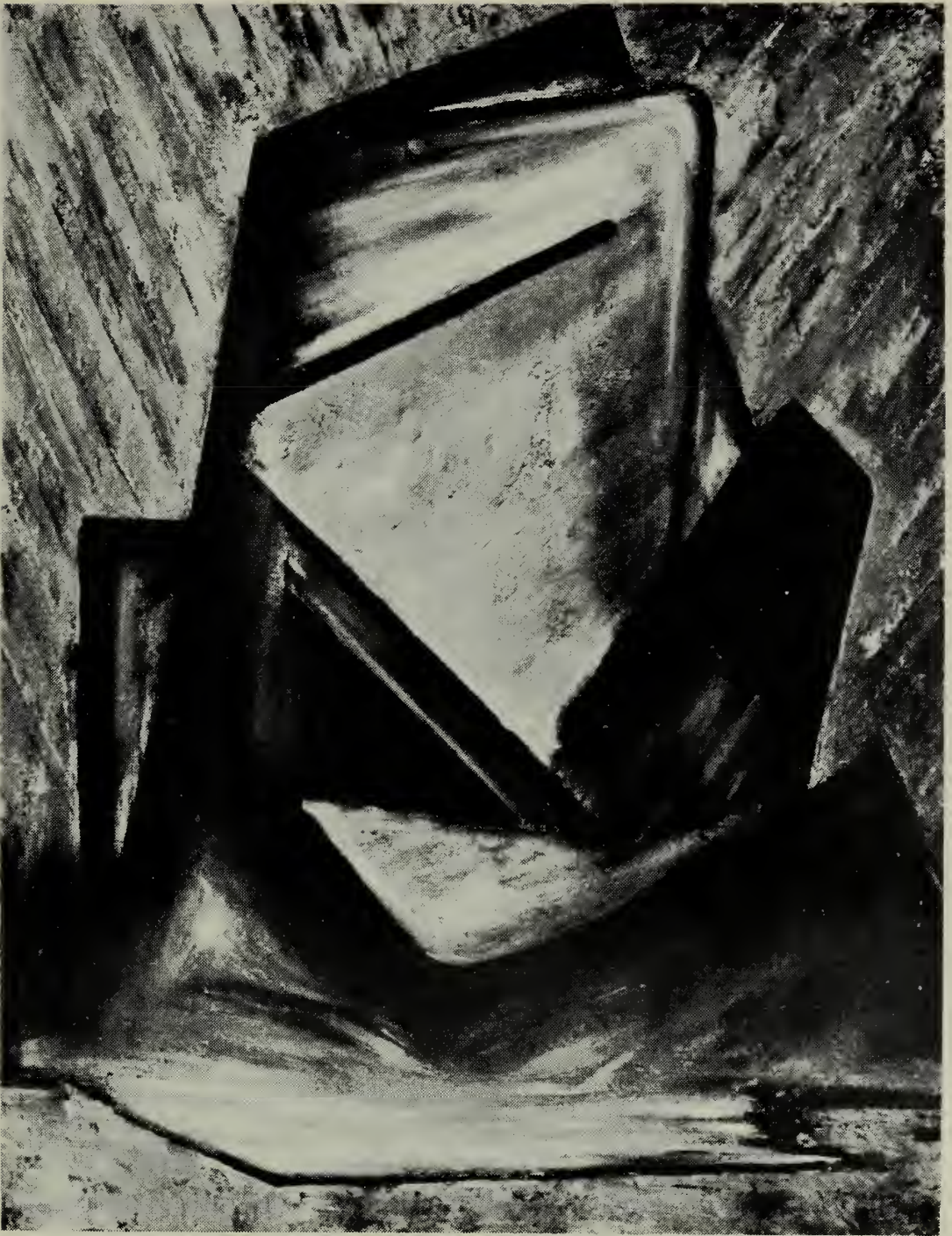
I am not strong enough to go,  
I am not strong enough to stay,  
And watch the years pass by like snow,  
And watch my frosted brows turn grey,  
Realizing they will never know  
Just what it was I had to say. . .  
. . . I looked inside my life the other day,  
A golden box, encrusted with old gems, very fine indeed—  
And there was nothing in the box at all.

November 20, 1949





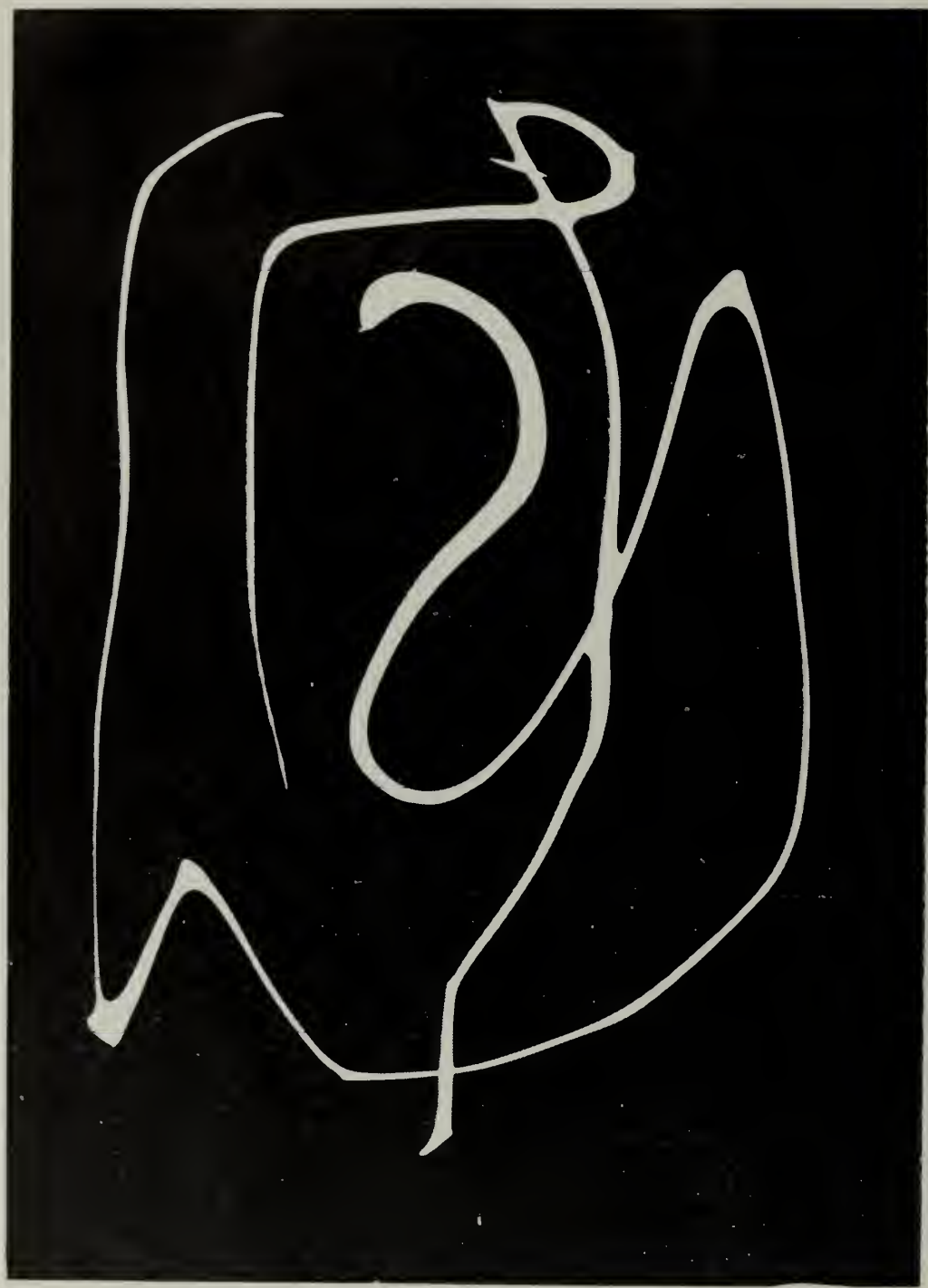




ICEBERG

*E. B. Thornton*





PHOTOGRAM

*H. S. Fisher, 3rd*





WOMAN IN PLASTIC

*I. Chermayeff*





HANDS

*C. A. Platt, 2nd*







# THE REALM OF THOUGHT

*By G. J. LISH*

**I**T was dark and I was warm. By and by it was light and I was cold. Would I be warm again? I looked about me and decided to begin my long winding journey to Something or to Nothing. After walking some distance, I encountered a fellow traveler on the first hill. We talked. We departed. Encouraged, I continued on my way. At the bottom of the hill I met a man. We greeted. I made jest of him and he struck me. Finished, I set out again. Near the top of another incline I saw an old wise man. I boasted. He boasted. I admired him. We said Goodbye. Further down the road I approached another man. I lied. He lied. We knew that each had lied, but we said nothing. We passed on. I arrived at a crossroad. Standing there was a handsome young man. We gazed at each other. I was jealous. I walked on. He took another road. I came upon a traveler at the top of another incline. We agreed on all. I loved the traveler. I thought the traveler loved me. On my way again I met a blind man. We talked. I regretted. I wept for him. I journeyed down the winding road and met a man. He was carrying a heavy rock on his back. I offered to help. He said that I must not do so, for I was weak. I was ashamed. I moved on and came to many forks in the winding road. I decided on the one which I thought would bring me the most happiness.



I walked on and met another man sitting under a tree by the road. He was eating a fresh caught fowl. I was hungry. I asked him for some food. He refused. I stood there, I hated him, and I was hungry. Angry, I passed on my way and around the bend I saw another man, but his face was the same as the last I had met. I hated him. He hated me. We departed. Fearfully, I traveled further.

I thought I was near my destination. But then I met the same fellow. I wondered if I had taken the wrong road. I was frightened and I hated Him.

Again and Again I encountered this man whom I hated and who hated me. Frantically I looked around, but I was cornered by this hateful man, or was it I who was hateful? We fought and I was afraid.

As we fought, the ground beneath us shook violently. A wide gap in the earth opened below us. Together we plunged into the blackness. We fell and fell, but there was no bottom, it seemed to me. Suddenly, I hit the bottom. There was no pain, just a dull compression and a defeating silence. I lay there. I wondered whether if I had not hated, I would be here in Nothing. I longed to be in Something. But I was too late. I lay there. I wondered. I was still cold.





# A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

*By* E. M. HURLEY

TWO small boys, about nine years old, were standing in front of a local department store with their noses pressed against the window. The boy with the heavy woolen scarf, tightly wound around his head spoke first, saying:

"What'cha gonna git for yer mother's Christmas present?"

The other contemplated a bit and replied, "Don't know."

"Ain't ya gonna git 'er the silk kerchief you talked about so much?"

"Naw! I've only got 87 cents and that cost \$1.00."

"If I gave ya the 13 cents ya need, would ya git it?"

"Naw!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause it wouldn't be my gift."

"Sure it would, besides you gave more to it than me."

"Naw!"

"Besides she'd never know the difference."

"I'll give her a handkerchief. Besides, she needs it, she got a cold."

"A silk kerchief would look real nice on her head."

"Naw!"

"If I lend ya 13 cents, will ya buy it for 'er?"

"Mmm, maybe. How soon do I have to pay ya?"

"A week after Christmas would be all right."

"Too soon."

"Well, okay, ya don't have to pay me."

"Gee, thanks."



# HUMAN GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS AT ANDOVER

*By* C. R. FLATHER

**H**AVE you ever pondered the qualifications of a full-fledged Andover “rock”, and wondered what types are available here? Delving into human geology, we dig up the information that “rocks” can be segregated roughly into three major classifications, with varying degrees of the potency that makes them possess the “rock” distinction.

First we have the “igneous” type, a comparative rarity. These are formed by the cooling of a molten mass below the surface, a process which the rock underwent willy nilly. This category is composed of really good “rocks” that are solid all the way through, such as granite. Differently made from other species of these “minerals”, the “igneous” rock is not just good on the outside, but is completely pure and unblemished throughout. This untarnished quality is due to the absence of stratification of the layers, of which there are some good, and some decayed and rotting. The “igneous” rocks are of varying shapes and sizes, but in every “rock” there are always some of each of the good components, although the amounts may fluctuate. These rocks tend to segregate to form important bodies of ore in the area about their place of lodging. Although the igneous rocks rarely realize it, they are actually only balancing on top of a cliff. For if the wind or other natural disturbances rock him in the slightest, he will roll down and become an unnoticed



part of mere talus, or plain rubble. This "igneous" man is an outcropping or pinnacle, jutting upward to tower over and overshadow the slight gravel and pebbles on the ground.

Just the opposite of the "igneous rock", we find the second type, called "sedimentary". One of this genus is a consolidated body, being formed by the aggregation of sediment, mostly from other "rocks". This mass of sediment is molded by the pressure of the surrounding forces. The "sedimentaries" are carried by the various types of motivation, such as wind, water, and glaciers; consequently, they are chipped and broken. These "sedimentary rocks" are stratified, another difference from the "igneous". This stratification takes place in layers, with the more finely-grained ones on the outside. For a time the coating of fine grains withstands the forces of nature, but eventually this covering weathers off, to reveal the true character of the "rock". These polished grains conceal the coarse and rough strata buried in the real heart or core of the "rock". Thus we find the "sedimentaries" are situated merely in holes in the ground, where they falsely pride themselves on believing they are "boulders", instead of the insignificant gravel that they are.

The last section in our field of "rocks" to be plowed up and exposed to the inquisitive world is the "metamorphic" type, a combination of the "igneous" and the "sedimentaries". These "rocks" are certainly the most abundant in the terrain of Phillips Academy. While one of this species might be fairly solid, he would have stratification lines, indicating that he was not completely "igneous". He might possibly have had bad luck, and had a "fault", where he slipped and lost his grip on the hill. These metamorphists are of two divisions. First, there is the "contact" type, which is produced by the heat of intruded masses of "igneous"



material working on an area of narrow contact. "Regional metamorphism," the second type, is found in wider areas, being produced by surrounding pressure. To a much lesser extent than the "sedimentaries", these "metamorphic members" are subject to some leafing or weathering, which is partially apparent to the observer. In summarizing this "metamorphic" group, we find that it is a conglomeration of the other major divisions of "rocks", containing some qualities of both, making one of this pile roll and crack in a very mediocre manner, being never quite able to either roll down or push themselves up the hill of success.

And now, after uncovering the various types of Andover "rocks" to all interested, and since no stone has been left unturned, the essay shall roll to a stop.





# A FRUITLESS JOURNEY

By P. L. B. SOURIAN

A man walked down to the railroad station Saturday afternoon. He was going to the city nearby—to a Dr. Poole's office on Finch Street—an eye Doctor. His wife had made the appointment, deciding all of a sudden that he had bad eyes. As a matter of fact, he himself was sure sometimes that he was going blind, but he never would have admitted this to anyone. So for once something that his wife had done "for" him was agreeable. Still, he had felt it his duty to complain, at least mildly, about the whole business. He planned to enjoy himself. He had a copy of *The Great Gatsby* in his hand and was going to eat lunch at a good restaurant before the appointment and maybe have a little drink afterwards—to celebrate with if his eyes were all right, to mourn over if they weren't.

He entered the station, bought a ticket and sat down on the wooden bench, wondered briefly who had sat there before him, and turned to page one of his book. Before long the train arrived.

The train was a typical local. The coaches were dusty and smelled the eternal local coach smell. He found a seat and sat down. It was a little hot. He tried to open the dirt stained window. To his surprise it opened. He stood up again, took off his overcoat and sat down again. The train wasn't very crowded. Across from him sat a lady



around fifty. A young woman in the front of the coach was rocking a baby to sleep. Several men were smoking, reading magazines and newspapers. It was very quiet. The train was now moving. Two conductors entered the coach. One was elderly with silver colored hair, tarnished silver buttons on his vest and an enormous silver watch in his hand. The other was a rather young man with shiny new buttons on his coat. The man instinctively started feeling around for his ticket. After a good bit of feeling around, he found it, but the conductors had gone, so he reluctantly put it back in his pocket and began to read his book. When he had comfortably settled himself, the younger conductor came back and asked him for his ticket. After feeling around embarrassedly for quite a while, he found it again and was quite relieved to get it off his hands. He wondered if he was growing old. Soon he tired of reading. His eyes were tired and he had a headache. He felt cold all of a sudden and tried to close the window—it coyly refused to move. So now he was cold and he had a headache and his eyes were tired. He looked out the window for a while at the ponds, boys, grocery stores, marshes, farmhouses, empty stations, dogs running. . . Isn't that pretty, he thought and closed his eyes. The train moved on rhythmically. A comfortable rhythm. He wished it would never stop. The journey was not far enough. He had just started to think about travelling, when the annoying young voice of the young conductor made him listen. The conductor was talking to the elderly woman opposite him.

“How's Edna?”

“O she's fine.”

The conductor waited a moment, expecting to hear more about Edna, but after receiving silence in answer, he moved on through the train. The man didn't like the con-



ductor. Partly because he symbolized the eternally waiting character that embarrasses one when he can't find his ticket and also because he was young and this Edna was probably young and liked him and because he himself was growing old and blind. The man abruptly swept these thoughts out of his mind and began reading. This Gatsby was some fellow. The train stopped to the sound of hissing steam, bells and many differently rhymed footsteps.

After lunch, which he didn't find as enjoyable as he had anticipated, he found himself in Dr. Poole's cool reception room, reading *The Great Gatsby*. After a long while he was ceremoniously escorted into a smaller room by an amazingly plump woman dressed in white. The doctor entered by another door after he had been left alone for quite a while. Then a little later he was told that there was nothing really wrong with his eyes. Good he said and left.

It was dark outside and he felt a little melancholy. There was no time now for a drink. The train awaited him. He boarded it mechanically.

He was now on the last page and Gatsby was dead and it was dark. The man pressed his head against the window and looked out like a small child does. He felt very melancholy. He felt terribly lonely. He felt sad.

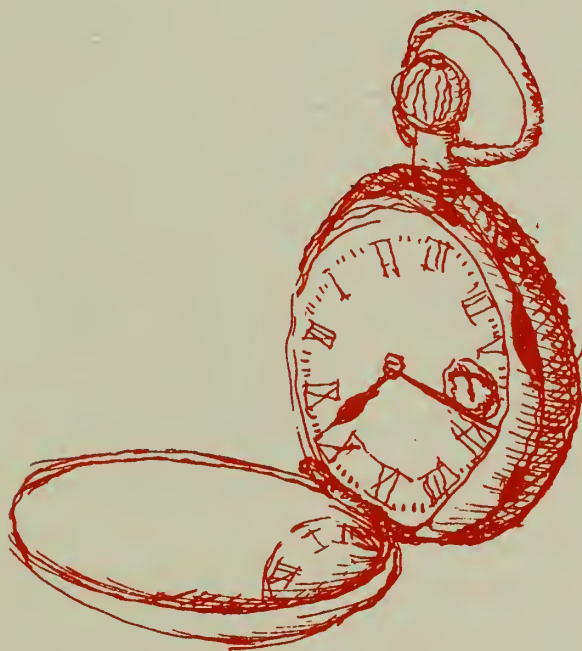
All day long a little fear had been moving around inside. Suddenly, it slipped and fell hard. He hoped the man he was in, hadn't noticed, and started tiptoeing away. But the man had.

He was looking out at the blackness and the scattered little flecks of light and listening to the night and the train, when all of a sudden a terrible feeling which he had had before hit him hard. Dying. You die and get stuck in the ground and nothing happens. Its so sad then when they put you in the earth and you're just alone and you're not alive.



He felt like crying as when he was very small. The feeling was over and he looked around wondering if anyone had noticed. Well, he didn't care anyway. The train stopped and he got out and started walking home. The lighted houses he passed were comforting to him. He heard the piano music and singing. The boys would be in later and they could play pinochle. He smiled and he was almost home and there was roast veal for supper.

He put away the fear that was moving around on tiptoe but again some time it would slip and fall hard.





# THE DIRTY LOCKER ROOM

*By* R. D. ELWELL

THEY slowly pulled their playing clothes off and threw them, soaking wet, into the lockers. The skin on their legs seemed tatoored where the sweat had trickled down through smears of mud. The heat was oppressive. It made the stench in the locker room stronger, but the boys didn't notice it. They talked slowly in coarse monosyllables about nothing—the day's practice, their homework, in language as grimy as their bodies. The heat of the room seemed to impregnate the voices and make them thicker. Their empty words had hidden fullness, curiously seemed to glow at the edges, like the heat of their skin. Like the warmth of youth—with words that could say no wrong—as they could do no wrong in their young health. The floor was thick with dirt of boots, the room smelled of their tired limbs, but the turning of heads, movement of ankles, flex of torsos, spoke with the slow lank pulse of growth, the never wrong, the young flow of life.

Soon they had taken their showers. They were clean again—hair a little wet and bedraggled—but they left the locker room fresh, crisp. The afternoon was chilly and they shrank back into their coats. Looking at the now bare field where they had played, they thought it empty, as flattened by the descending wind. They walked away, their shoes clattering against the hard road.



# VERSE

*By* R. H. BLUM, JR.

falling leaves  
that clouded autumn days  
lie silent now  
summer  
its wine all poured  
upon the leaves  
folds up its windy arbors  
with cool long-fingered hands  
silently  
waves good-by





# THE RAT RACE

*By* R. W. BOETH

JERRY Trotter walked into his father's office, trying to guess what could be the matter this time. His father was peculiar this way, always demanding that they talk over anything of a serious and therefore business nature in serious and therefore business surroundings. These surroundings were very business-like indeed, if a little shabby. His father's desk was big, but not as low-slung as fashion demanded, and the walls were of plaster rather than the more distinguished paneling. He wondered when his father would move to a better office.

His father greeted him seriously as he entered and offered him a cigarette, throwing him an accusing glance when he took it. Jerry was annoyed that his father couldn't get used to the idea of his smoking; it certainly made things unpleasant to be visually scolded ten times a day.

"Sit down Jerry," his father said. He sat down.

"I'll get right to the point," his father started. Mr. Trotter always began a long discourse that way—it was convenient and yet so much more efficient than most. "You know I've been having a struggle keeping you in school. . . ."

Jerry relaxed. It wasn't serious after all. Five times in Jerry's four years at prep school his father had told him that he would have to return to high school at the end of the year because business just wasn't good enough



to allow him to remain in the "lap of luxury," as his father termed it. But somehow, his father never withdrew him, although Jerry would have been perfectly willing for him to do so; they had had an agreement when Jerry first went away that if it were necessary, he would return to high school. He realized how hard his father worked, and he recollected that he would have been satisfied to leave at any time if he had had to.

". . . we have had that agreement, you know, and now I think I have no choice but to make use of it. I realize you have a fine record at school, and that you perhaps deserve to go to college, but it doesn't look as if I can carry you through."

Jerry nodded seriously. His father would tell him that he could go for the first year, and then he'd either have to stop or work his way through. He asked anyway, "When do I quit, dad?"

"Right now."

"Now! But I just got admitted — I mean, I haven't even started yet."

"I know, but you'll have to cancel everything."

This was really serious. Usually his father allotted time enough so that whatever trouble there was would have passed over, but it looked as though Jerry would miss his first year; he didn't like this.

"You mean I just drop college, just like that?"

"You know I don't want you to, that everything I've done for the past twenty years has been with the idea of putting you through college. But you also know we said that if it was impossible, then it was impossible, and that would be that." He snapped his fingers expressively.

"But dad, I can't quit now. I'm not prepared to do anything really, except go to college."



"You'd rather you hadn't gone to prep school?"

"No, but . . . Well, what's the trouble right now? Is business that bad?"

"No, business isn't bad."

"O.K. then, what's the matter?"

"I'll get right to the point. The doctor says I have to quit."

"Quit what?" Jerry didn't understand his father.

"Quit work, play, everything."

"Why, what's wrong with you?"

"Heart trouble. He says I've been working too hard."

"Well, what will you do?"

"Sell the house, move to the country, and take things easy. I saw a nice place out in Connecticut last year. It's smaller than ours, but nice."

"Smaller! We're cramped as it is."

"You forget that I won't be working any more and that we've got to conserve."

"I don't forget. I thought we'd been living all these years where we are to conserve."

"We have, but all so you could go to school."

"And now I'm through with school . . ." Jerry felt quite hopeless, as if fate had played a dirty trick on him. He wondered what would happen to him if his father really had to leave the business. He was meditating on this unpromising thought as he left the office. . . .





# LITTLE SPRING SONG

*By* R. G. EDER

Field God burrowing  
beds in the grasses  
see how the furrowing,  
singing wind passes.

Fragrant, the earth-mold  
crumbles in sleep.  
Sunlight and earth gold  
mouldering, steep.

Heated, the drowsy  
meadow life pleads.  
Earth, cool and frowsy,  
comforts and feeds.

Death and the dying, yet  
sleeping partakers;  
yellow stalks drying, yet  
dream in the acres.



# STERNENDIENST

*Von* H. B. STRACK

Du bist so fern, ach gar so fern  
Und doch bin ich bei dir,  
Die Liebe wandert mit dem Stern,  
Er gruesst dich stets von mir.

Dies traute Sternenlicht es funkelt  
Schon lange ueber dieser Welt;  
Ich moechte, dass es nie verdunkelt,  
Denn es ist doch fuer uns bestellt.

Sein Glanz gruesst jeden Abend mich,  
Mit deiner Lieb' bedacht,  
Dann steh' ich oft und denk' an dich,  
Auf hohem Berg bis Mitternacht.

Und wenn es dann ins Meer getaucht,  
Ein letzter Strahl herueberwinkt,  
Dein Bild mir noch entgegenhaucht—  
Mir alle Welt in deinem Bild versinkt.



# STARSERVICE

*By* H. B. STRACK

You are so far, so very far,  
And yet I am with you,  
The love it wanders with the star,  
That greets you e'er from me.

This cosy light, this star is gleaming  
Already long above this world,  
Oh, may it never fade away,  
Because it is for us up there.

Its glistening greets me every night,  
And in it shines your love,  
Then I stay oft and think of you  
On a high hill till midnight time.

And when it sinks into the sea,  
When last rays wink across to me,  
Your image breaths into my heart—  
The world goes down for me.



# ANDOVER'S STUDENT GOVERNMENT

By J. K. McDONALD

AS I write this article, I'm a little uneasy about the whole deal. In the first place, I've seen enough of the Andover student government to have some definite prejudices, ideas and theories about it, but these might be the opinions of a minority of one. In the second place, and this worries me more, I know that in the spring issue of the *Mirror* a sequel to this article will appear, dealing critically with the faults of Andover student self-government. So, I must not only describe the advantages of our system of self-government in my least boring style, but also do it in such a manner as to give the spring writer the hardest time possible.

Everyone, with the exception of a few anarchists, will admit the need of some sort of government. Andover is a school in a democracy with its principles based on a tradition of self reliance and individual responsibility. Because of these principles, it is only natural that Andover men should want *self* government to the greatest extent possible. The controversy arises when this government, even self-government, inconveniences the individual. As an abstract generality, Andover boys certainly favor student government, but just how far this government should carry its responsibilities is a matter of occasional dispute. I think the best



way to get to the root of the problem is to consider just what the Student Council and Congress are trying to do.

Last year was the year of the great change. Andover's whole system of student government was completely reorganized, following the consensus of the suggestions submitted by the student body. A new constitution was written with two student governing groups supplanting the previous one. The new Student Congress was formed in order to give all the students a more direct voice in the conduct of the government. The Council remained much the same in make-up, but relinquished many of its responsibilities and functions to the new Congress. This new two assembly system naturally gave new energy to the activities of the student government. The results of this new energy and drive are being felt by the student body this year. With more direct representation, many new ideas of responsibility have been presented.

The new student government has four main purposes. If you are one of a small minority who has read even so much as the preamble of the constitution of the Phillips Academy Student Government, you will already know that the four aims briefly are these:

1. To set a high example
2. To organize efficiently
3. To promote understanding
4. To govern well

These are very pat statements, and are hardly astounding but they very neatly divide the functions of student government into four fairly independent compartments.

The first division isn't hard to handle. A "high example" is entirely a matter of the individual. The student body gets as good a man as it elects. The basis and starting point of student government is the election of student representatives. The foundation of the whole system is complicated.



On two days in the spring term after assembly we nominate and elect the Council for the next year. Every term we have a house meeting and elect a dorm representative for the Congress. We may elect an athlete, a grind, a joker, or a "good guy". If our duly elected representative doesn't set the desirable high example, the voice of the people has said the wrong word.

The second aim is straightforward, too. Paradoxically enough, "organizing efficiently" is primarily a matter of efficiency, with a good deal of enthusiasm thrown in. Organization of activities can be a lot of trouble, but the principle of doing it is hardly debatable. If the school elects real leaders, things will move smoothly. With decent leadership, membership and student support, the Council and Congress can organize successful tea dances, assembly programs, conferences and the whole list of activities that are necessary and which the student body desires. The best student government will on occasion foul things up, for democracy can be terribly inefficient, at times; even such an astute legislative body as the United States Congress has been known to make an occasional mistake.

Mistakes are the reason for the next function of the Student Council and Congress. Promoting understanding is primarily a matter of correcting mistakes and ironing out misunderstandings. Naturally, the most emphasized work is the promotion of a healthy relationship between the Faculty and the students. The student government is a clearing house for many suggestions and complaints from both sides of the fence. The Council and Congress are logical places for the student body to work for the extension of reasonable privileges and to protest a faculty action which is not understood or felt to be justified. This intermediary function is valuable to all concerned, for the Student Government is appreciated by the faculty as an



excellent way to present a new policy with a minimum of misunderstanding, and also as a means of determining student sentiment on various issues. This promotion of understanding has two other aspects which are not strongly emphasized now, but which are actually potentially important responsibilities of the Student Council and Congress. First, we could do much in promoting better understanding between various student groups, and in coordinating the work of many extra-curricular activities. Probably much more important than this first possibility, however, is the almost untouched field of student-community relationships. The faculty and school administration does a great deal in contributing to the life of the community with such things as the art gallery and the adult education program. An intelligent and tactful Student government, by working to prevent and correct the irresponsible actions of some student to the property of townspeople, could certainly do much to reduce the number of unpleasant student-town situations.

Now we come to the controversial subject, the actual governing responsibility of the Council and Congress. Many believe that student government is fine as long as it does not presume to interfere with their personal behavior. Last year one gripe was that the Student Council, in taking away movie tickets for poor Commons behavior, had "astronomical visions of power." As a matter of fact, actual government and discipline of behavior is the most unpleasant work of the Council and Congress. Nobody is particularly anxious to take over the work and unpopularity of proctoring and monitoring duties in the Commons, the movies, the library, and the Chapel. The catch is that if the Student Government is going to take the privileges of self-government, it must also accept some of the responsibilities. We cannot go before the faculty with requests for a different examination sched-



ule, an extended Thanksgiving week-end, a fairer cut system, or for any other privileges if we do not show that we are capable of taking care of run-of-the-mill student conduct. The Council and Congress have three responsibilities in controlling undergraduate behavior. First, both groups formulate rules of conduct, with faculty approval, when such rules are found necessary. Secondly, both groups are responsible for insuring reasonable enforcement of these rules. Finally, the Student Government must provide a means of appeal from any injustice of their enforcement. The extent to which these responsibilities should be carried is obviously up to the will of the student body. This year's Council and Congress have been working under the assumption that the student body wants, without faculty interference, a reasonably orderly Commons, a quiet library and chapel, and movies that are audible even in the unfortunate scenes with lines capable of off shade interpretation by the typical Andover thought pattern. Because of this assumption, both groups have been active in governing undergraduates behavior. In any criticism of this Student Government use of its authority, it's only fair to recognize that if the student body through their representatives does not take the actions necessary to control their behavior, the faculty most certainly will, for the situations, in the Commons and movies particularly, obviously cannot be allowed to continue in the school without a check from some source. There are many fields of student behavior in which the faculty is the only logical disciplinary authority, but the Commons, library, chapel, and movies are areas which primarily concern the undergraduates and, therefore, should logically be controlled by the undergraduates. The place where every student eats three meals every day should not have to be proctored by members of the faculty who are no more anxious to eat with us than we are to have them. By the same token, the logical people to



stop a “wise guy” at the movies from letting off steam for two hours running are the elected representatives of those affected, and not the men hired to teach English, mathematics and science. These general views are the basis of the present Student Government’s actions in controlling these areas of undergraduate behavior.

Finally, I want to present one summary statement which I feel sure will be accepted by everyone who recognizes student government as part of education. The Phillips Academy Student Government is composed of certain students, elected by the student body; this government is responsible to the students and because of this fact, cannot extend its authority and functions any further than the majority of the students wish it to be extended. As long as we have a popularly elected Student Government, the Andover student body will get exactly the government it deserves.





# VERSE

*By* R. H. BLUM, JR.

my voice is hollow  
and my staff is bent  
for I who called and searched  
through all the canyons and the seas  
still know not what is meant

my heart is cotton  
and my days are bare  
for I have travelled far  
along this shapeless horrid road  
nor found no life to share

my way is stumbling  
there is no relief  
for I have failed to find the man  
who to this land an angel came  
and left it not a thief



# RECOLLECTIONS

*By* B. C. GOOD

RAPHAEL came up the long staircase and into his mother's room for the last time. Soon the house would be sold and with it all the memories of two past generations. The man scarcely paid any attention to the empty bed which crowded the room. For many years he had been accustomed to find his mother lying there, greeting him with her warm and radiant smile, the only aspect of her beauty that had not deserted her when she was crippled nine years ago. Now the bed was empty and his mother had gone to join her husband and her other son in the better land.

He looked at the clock on the mantelpiece which opened like a great cave near the foot of the bed. It was an old clock set in a gold cabinet with a little pendulum swinging noisily beneath the blue face. Tick-tock, tick-tock. In fifteen minutes, it would chime four times in a manner similar to that of Big Ben. Then Miss Danby, the housekeeper, would come upstairs to wind up the spring with a key that lay beside the cabinet. Through the years, Miss Danby had never forgotten to wind the clock. She had been winding it ever since his mother had brought it back from Ireland. The clock meant more to Miss Danby than it did to anyone else in the house. He could remember the times his father had cursed it for making so much noise.

Along the mantelpiece next to the clock were all those little trinkets which seem to accumulate on mantelpieces. There was a little toy soldier that Raphael's brother, Jeff,



had been playing with only five years ago. Jeff had died in 1935 of Tuberculosis after staving off the inevitable for many long months. Then there was a photograph of his mother and father on their honeymoon in Hot Springs. Raphael smiled when he saw how much fashions had changed since those days. His parents had been married in 1902 and his father had been killed in France in 1918. Beside this picture was one of Raphael and Jeff riding bicycles. That had been taken in Milan in the summer of 1926, the last time they had been able to go to Europe.

Raphael turned around and crossed to his mother's desk. What a story that old walnut desk could tell! Raphael's grandfather had bought it at an auction in Elizabeth, New Jersey. It always amused Raphael to think of his grandfather, impetuous and irritable as ever, bidding for half an hour and finally paying \$250. for the antique, which was supposed to have belonged to Franklin Pierce. Of course, Raphael's father had detested the thing ever since he had been large enough to sit at it. "Imagine having something which belonged to a Democrat in our house," he used to say. Lying on the desk was the old, leather-bound Bible that his mother had won as a Latin prize in 1896 when she graduated from the Convent in Washington. Next to the Bible were a crucifix and a string of rosary beads. It had often amazed Raphael that his mother had never tried to force her religion on either of her sons. He had always gone to Mass with his mother on Easter morning and to the commemorative service held for his father each year. Beyond that, he never thought of going to church or of seeking the guidance in prayer that his mother had. He sat down at the desk and looked at his mother's engagement pad with memorandums a week old still on it. "Call Mrs. Jones at 7:30. Order dinner for six next Tuesday night." It was the customary social data of a life his mother had



loved so much. The desk chair tipped menacingly and Raphael remembered to have it repaired. He had never understood why his mother had insisted on keeping this chair, upholstered in a gawdy print and swept back quite modernistically, in a room otherwise so sombre and antique. He contrasted it with a tiny, black rocker standing near the desk. Nobody could sit in it, yet his mother had kept it out of sentiment. It had belonged to her husband, Raphael's father, when he had been a little boy and had been built by Raphael's other grandfather, not the impetuous one. Jeff used to come in and rock slowly back and forth in that chair when he was very young, meditating on the important problems of early youth, such as the existence of Santa Claus.

Once more Raphael rose, turning now to the table where his favorite object of the room stood. It was on a small table near a window which framed a distasteful view of the backyard. He could remember how much delight this simple machine had brought him when he was a young boy and had sat listening to it for hours. It was a bird cage with two stuffed canaries in it. When it was wound up, the canaries would sing and whistle in a most enchanting fashion. As he absentmindedly began to wind the canaries up, Raphael recalled how he had often tried to make Jeff see the beauty of the machine and find an equal enjoyment in it. However, the younger boy would only pout and run off to play "English Soldiers". Then, as the canaries began to sing, Raphael thought he heard his mother say to him, as she had so many times in the last few years, "Do you remember how you used to love those birds when you were a child?" Raphael smiled when he remembered the question. Slowly the little clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour. Miss Danby came into the room to wind it up.



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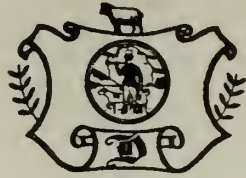
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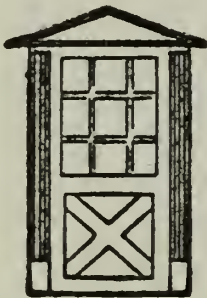
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